Hats and Bonnets.

EACH year inexorable fashion presents new combinations, new effects, new results to be attained; and, absurd as seem its decrees and tyrannies, one must sooner or later accept the incoming idea and adopt the prevailing style. Some glide gracefully into these changes, while to others it is almost a pain to give up the mode which perhaps they accept just as reluctantly but which now seems to have become a part of themselves. The recent revolution in hairdressing strongly developed this conservative tendency. It seemed shocking to many to remove the showy superstructure of puffs and braids and come down to the unmitigated severity of the simple contour of the head; but, distasteful as it was, it is accomplished, and hair and bonnet no longer tower heavenward.

The first object of solicitude in fall shopping is naturally the bonnet or hat. The styles offered this year are various—many very picturesque and even beautiful, others severely plain. Young ladies find the Derby so serviceable and generally so becoming that stiff and unfeminine qualities are overlooked. They cost, at the best stores, from $3 to $6, and, like a gentleman's hat, can, when defaced, be re-bound, pressed and lined for $1.50, so as to be nearly as good as new. A bit of the tip of a feather or a cord and tassels is the most in the way of trimming allowable on these hats, which must be of fine quality and good shape or they are shocking bad hats.

One privilege this age must forego—that of laughing at its grandmothers' taste; for some of these bonnets are fac-similes of the old relics which used to come out of the garret only for tableaux or to illustrate the absurdities of our ancestors. Beaver, plush and satin in endless combinations with the breasts of birds are the fabrics of which the imported bonnets are made. It is well to view for yourself these extravagant importations, as they are the originals from which the American stock will be modeled, and you will thus educate your taste and fix your standards before making your purchases in more modest places. They will bring you reliable intelligence of the shapes, colors and salient points of the incoming styles. Great latitude is to be allowed in form and size. If you fancy it you may wear a shaggy beaver half the size of a coal-scuttle, scooping up above the head, with not a thing inside to relieve its cavernous depths; or you may, if you prefer it, wear a close-fitting, cap-shaped little affair on the back of your head, clinging so closely as to be almost invisible but for the bird's breast, or gold harpoon, or beetle, or almost what you will, so it nestle closely to the bonnet.

Then there are shapes and sizes all the way between these extremes; some not very unlike the close straws which prevailed last summer, and which are sure to be popular with those who prefer the *juste milieu* in style.

There is a strong flavor of orientalism in the brilliant colors of the materials—gold, red, inconceivably bright, then again these and other hues in such perfect combination as to produce a low tone; the kind of color harmony which is found in India fabrics, and which Western eyes begin to understand.

There is absolutely no trimming in the inside even of those bonnets which incline upward and show the entire lining. This may be of a contrasting color, but is severely plain, leaving the face quite to its own resources; another bitter pill for the conservatives, but good news for such as are their own milliners, for there is no part of the work which so surely betrays the unprofessional touch as the inside trimming. So let amateur hat-makers rejoice that one difficulty in their way is removed. The strings are made, as for some time past, of soft satin or other soft material made double, and fringed or trimmed with bows at the end; they are broader and shorter than last season, and tied in front instead of behind as they have been.

There is no kind of skilled labor in the domain of dress which commands so high a price as millinery. One must pay a sum for a bonnet altogether disproportioned to the cost of material and time required in making it. And, as it is the work of artists rather than artisans, this is as it should be. But happy are they who can supplement a slender purse with skill and taste; get the prevailing idea, then buy frame, plush, bird, satin, and, to the pleasure of wearing a beautiful bonnet have the added joy of being the creator and author. But such, like poets, are born, not made; and the multitude must still walk the safer path under professional guidance. It is quite customary now for such as desire economical methods to purchase their own materials and take them to a milliner to make up for them. This many very tasteful and competent ones will do for fifty cents, or one dollar, and thus greatly reduce the cost of a bonnet.

But, while you may get some one to make your hats for you, you must wear them yourself; and there is an art in that as well. What loads of millinery are spoiled by not knowing how to wear it! Some people's hats always seem a thing apart from themselves. Whereas a French woman and her bonnet are homogeneous; are one. It sets upon her head naturally, as if it were a growth. Summon all your esthetic consciousness, or, if you have none, find out from some one who has, if your new hat should set forward or back; rest down closely upon the head or on a little coronet of hair. These points seem insignificant, but they make the difference between being well dressed and not; and I think it is Emerson who describes the peace to be attained from the consciousness of being well dressed as second only to that which comes from an easy conscience.—*Christian Union.*

A Tale Told in a Texas Cow-Boy's Camp.

IT was a clear moonlight night when, after a hard day's "drive," and the herd of wild horses had been penned, the cow-boys stripped their tired ponies of saddles and bridles, and staked them out to graze on the thick mesquit grass which fringed the bank of the San Bernardo.

After this duty had been attended to, the cooking utensils were brought forth, and soon the coffee pot was singing a musical little song, and a leg of fresh calf ribs spluttering before the fire. The repast, though rough, was made enjoyable by an appetite which only violent exercise and pure air can give, and after the boys had eaten until it became necessary to unbuckle their six-shooter belts, blankets were spread under the branches of a live oak, which seemed to stand guard over the broad expanse of prairie, and they settled down for a quiet smoke.

"I tell you what, boys," said Ned Curtis, who was one of the hardest riders and best poker players west of the Brazos, as he lit a cigarette, "we are going to handle some pretty rough mustangs to-morrow, and if any of you fellows want to show your fancy riding you had better be fixing your flank girts and rolls, because there are some unbranded four-year olds in that bunch, who are going to make you hum like a churn-dasher, and you'll have to fork 'em deep to stay in the saddle. There is one in the pen that is a perfect picture of the mustang mare that sent Bill Hall to the angels."

"Wasn't he some galoot from the old States?" inquired one of the boys, turning over on his blanket.

"Yes," replied Ned, "he was a long tow-headed chap, greener than an August persimmon, with legs shaped like a pair of hames."

"How did he happen to get killed, Ned? Did the mare flirt him a little too strong?"

"Yes, that was the way of it. You see, he had just come from Georgy, and had never been on the back of a wild horse before in his life, but he was spunky with all of that, and wasn't scared of any thing. One day, while driving out in Nueces County, we made 'round up' of all the horses in the range, and after 'cutting out' all that were in the 'diamond P' brand, the boys began throwing some down and riding 'em, just to see the wild devils 'buck.'

"Well, Bill Hall took a darn fool notion to ride one himself, and he picked out a little Roman-nosed mustang mare, pure Spanish, and wilder than a coyote, and got some of the boys to help throw her down, because he didn't know any more about handling a lariat than he did about running a prayer meeting.

"When the saddle had been strapped on her and Bill forked it, she was turned aloose, and the crowd stood back to see the fun. Well, sir, that plug raised her head, looked back, bellowed a couple of times, and then she lit into the prettiest bucking I ever looked at. 'Stick to her, Bill!' I yelled, but the only thing he could say was, 'Whoa! Stop her, boys; darn her old hide.'

"While he had his knees gripped to her sides like a vise, and his hair standing like a brush heap, the mustang stretched herself out like a step-ladder, put her head between her front legs, and then, bringing herself together like a rat-trap, she slammed Bill Hall against the ground harder than I ever heard a fellow hit before. When we picked him up one ear was jammed around to the back of his neck, and, from the look on his face, we knew that he wasn't long for this world. He lingered for a day or two, and we did all we could to ease his pain, but one morning he motioned for us to come to him, and as I knelt beside his couch and took his hand in mine he said: 'Boys, I'm going to pass in my checks, but I ain't going to shiver about it, even if I do die away out on a prairie, with no one but a few friends around me. I'll have a big, broad bed to rest in, and if some day you ride by my grave won't you get down and think of me awhile?'

"Well, sir, the boys—the ornary cusses—were crying like women, and I felt terribly shaken myself, but we all promised that we would, and then he raised himself a little, and in a faint voice said: 'Ned, I want you to write to my mother and tell her that I wasn't a very dutiful son, but I loved her just the same.'

"'Ned,' he muttered so faint I could hardly hear him, 'don't tell my folks when you write that I was slid into Heaven by a cursed mustang,' and with that he fell back, his grasp on my hand relaxed, and Bill Hall was on this earth no more, and when I thought how his mother would grieve it made me feel weak in the knees.

"We buried him, and Jack Jones, who is something of a scholar because he had a chance to go to school down in Bay Prairie, wrote on the headboard of the grave:

"WILLIAM HALL
GOT A FALL,
Killed as Dead as a Slug
By a Texas Plug.
BORN IN GEORGY.

"It always makes me feel bad when I think of that poor fellow, and how today he sleeps on the banks of the Santa Gertrudes with nothing but a big live oak to mark his resting place in the bosom of the prairie. Do any of you fellows want a little draw-poker tonight?"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Talked Her Jaw Out of Joint.

WHILE engaged in a controversy Sunday afternoon with some neighbors in the alley, a negro woman endeavored to give emphasis to her words by throwing her face into all sorts of shapes, in doing which she jerked her jaw out of place. After it had assumed the dislocated position her most frantic efforts failed to budge it, which scared her so that she thought the "sweet-by-and-by" was close at hand. Her antagonists in the tongue-lashing encounter became frightened, too, and ran for Dr. Corrigan and told him that Malinda had the lock-jaw. When the doctor reached the place where free speech had been interrupted, he found her pacing to and fro in the room, her arms folded majestically over her head and her mouth wide open, from which protruded her tongue, flapping up and down in a spasmodic effort to say something, but, as she was unable to divide the noise she was making into words, she gave vent to her locked-up feelings in meaningless grunts. The doctor seized hold of her refractory jaw and jerked it into its place again, when her tongue resumed its wonted wag, and she returned to the conflict, assuring her adversaries that the Lord could stop her tongue, but they could not.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

IN the town of Portage, N. Y., a man was out hunting squirrels, recently, and shot at what he supposed to be a red squirrel, lying on a limb in a chestnut tree. The squirrel did not drop, but yelled outright, and was found to be a boy who had on red stockings.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

SOME interesting experiments, recently made in Paris to test the influence of the various colors on the eggs of animals, showed that the eggs were developed most by the violet and the blue rays, while vitality was retarded by the red and the green rays. Yellow rays acted as the ordinary white light of day.

M. RIVETT CARNAC, who has explored many of the barrows and burial-mounds of India, has found in them new evidences of the resemblance of the mounds and their contents to similar works in Europe. The shape of the tumuli is the same in the East and the West, and they are always placed on the slope of a hill facing the south.

CHINESE varnish is made by mixing three parts of fresh blood, which has been deprived of its fibrin by beating with small twigs or broom straws, four parts of slaked lime and a little alum. This may be used at once. It is said that straw baskets coated with it are rendered water and oil tight, and that pasteboard to which it has been applied becomes as hard as wood.

M. BOUTIGNY has called attention to the remarkable powers of resistance against chemical agents possessed by insects. Having put a common fly into the lye of potash, he found it in the best condition on the next day. He also found that weevils, imprisoned for a considerable time in a flask containing caustic stone and coriander-seed, prospered, multiplied and lived as long as the seed lasted.

THE minute organisms of microbes, which M. Pasteur has shown to be concerned in epidemics and contagious diseases, are so very minute that they may sometimes easily escape detection, especially in pure water. In such case they may be killed, without being deformed, by certain chemical agents, among which is osmic acid, and will sink to the bottom in such quantities as to admit of microscopic examination. The deposit may be examined after several hours (twenty-four or even forty-eight) if the water has been very pure. Coloring re-agents mixed with dilute glycerine may also be used with advantage in the work.

SHELLAC, the product of an insect, principally obtained in India, is deposited on the twig of trees to protect its eggs, and, later, to feed the larvæ. From the deposit (known as lac-seed) shellac and coloring matter (lacdye) are manufactured. The officers of the Forest Department of India have recently discovered that by applying the lac-seed to different trees, or by transplanting the trees bearing the deposit, the insect can be farmed, and the supply thereby increased indefinitely in a given locality. The lac industry is thus being spread in India. A few years since £200,000 worth of lac was annually exported. The amount sent abroad now amounts yearly to three-quarters of a million sterling.

Coal Oil Running to Waste.

THERE are in round numbers nearly 8,000 producing oil wells in the Bradford district. Their daily yield is 70,000 barrels. The lower or old oil fields are producing 12,000 barrels a day. The daily demand for petroleum is 55,000 barrels. This is the amount now run by the pipe lines. The accumulation of oil for which there is no present demand long ago exhausted the storage capacity. For three months 6,000 barrels have been running to waste every day. There are 2,000,000 barrels of petroleum in wooden tanks at the wells. It is estimated that there are at least 8,000,000 barrels of accumulated stock in the storage tanks of the pipe lines. The oil that is running to waste is run upon the ground and into the creeks. Enterprising individuals build dams along these streams and collect the floating "grease." Hundreds of barrels are pumped off and stored in improvised tanks to await a market. Individual producers are building private tanks to store the over production. There are now 400,000 barrels of this tankage in this region. The number of wells steadily increases every month, in spite of the situation.

The Bradford wells are all flowing wells. This fact is what caused the abandoning of so many of the wells in the lower field, they being all pumpers. Until recently the "sucker-rod" and pumping engine were almost unknown in the Bradford field. Now they are in demand. Many of the oil wells have fallen off greatly in their yield. The supply companies can not furnish enough sucker-rods and engines to meet the call for them. Second-hand ones from the lower field find a ready market at good prices. This resort to the pump is creating no little uneasiness in the field. It indicates that the gas is failing. A flowing well on being pumped increases its yield largely, but the continuance of a full yield becomes uncertain. The positive defined area of the Bradford oil-producing field includes 65,000 acres. There is a well to every five acres of land that have been developed, which leaves about 30,000 acres yet to drill. Wells on this territory will not be put down with such reckless haste as has characterized past operations, because it is controlled by large companies of capitalists.—*Bradford (Pa.) Cor. New York Sun.*

Effect of Fright on the Hair.

THE *Gazette des Hopitaux* gave an account, lately, of a singular case of complete alopecia. A girl, age seventeen, who had always enjoyed good health, had, one day, a narrow escape from being crushed by a floor giving way beneath her. She was very much frightened, and the same night began to complain of headache and chills; the next morning she felt restless, and had itching of the scalp; during the few following days she steadily improved, with the exception of the itching. One day, in combing her hair, she noticed that it came out in great quantities; three days later she was perfectly bald. Her general health was good, but her head continued bald, and was still so when seen two years later by the reporter.

AT St. Thomas, Canada, there resides a dog that can tell Sunday from work days. On Sunday he never barks, plays or fights with other dogs, and regularly attends the Methodist Church. He is much respected in the community.

Our Young Folks.

THE FLITTING OF THE BIRDS.

WHISTLED the Blackbird to his mate,
"I think we had better go, dear;
Showers of gold and purple leaves,
Fields that are brown, and yellow sheaves,
Tell of the coming snow, dear;
I think we had better go, dear."

Queried the Catbird, fretful still,
"Must we so soon be leaving?
Trouble we had to build our nest,
When shall we ever take our rest?
Oh, how my heart is grieving!
Must we so soon be leaving?"

Piped then the Blackbird, light and gay,
"Long I'll not be a rover;
Sunshine will follow days of gloom;
After the snow how soon will bloom
Daisies and purple clover!
Long I'll not be a rover."

Chirruped the Sparrow on a spray—
"Saucy was he, and spiteful—
OHome is the warmest place for me:
thers may fly o'er land and sea,
Winter at home's delightful!"
Saucy was he, and spiteful.

—*George Cooper, in Nursery.*

"ETTY-KETTY."

Her name was Susan Grant Delevan, but they called her Etty-ketty; you would never guess why, and so I am going to tell you. She was the sweetest, spryest, most stylish little lady you ever saw, and boasted nine and one half birthdays. Perhaps you don't count the halves, but Susy did. She celebrated every half year—think of that! Only there was a difference. There were the real birth-days, when she had her parties and presents; and half-way between them the "blessed days" when Sue herself sent a box to the Children's Home, filled with old toys carefully mended or new ones bought with her own pocket money.

However, this has nothing to do with our title. They never called Susy "Etty-ketty," on those days. "It was a pet name," brother Noll said—who went to the academy and learned slang quite as readily as Latin or Greek—"used only when Sue rode her high horse: or, in other words, when she was trying to do Aunt Pomeroy." "High horse" may refer to the one used at the siege of Troy; when mamma frowned at the slang Noll always insisted it was classical. Be that as it may, "doing Aunt Pomeroy" meant little Sue's attempts to imitate that lady's grand airs and elegant manners. Matter-of-fact papa, quiet, busy mamma, boisterous Noll, slow little Bess, even loving Cousin Kate, were all content to be so very commonplace. They never cared to know what was proper, and stylish, and fashionable. But she "gazed, wondered and admired," every single minute Aunt Pomeroy was in the house.

And then she "did" it.

The trouble was, the others would smile so provokingly whenever she tried to be real extra polite; and when she went out with mamma everybody treated her like a little girl of whom nothing was expected beyond "thanks" and "if you please." Sue's great ambition was to make calls quite by herself.

And at last the opportunity came.

"I expect to go past Aunt Dolly's tomorrow," said Dr. Delevan one day.

"What a pity!" exclaimed mamma, thinking of the annual meeting of the Woman's Board, which she could not possibly leave. "The dear old aunties will expect to see some of us. Suppose you take Susy?"

Papa made no objection, and Sue hurried into the library to begin her preparations. Out came a daintily-bound book, of whose existence bothersome Noll was in blissful ignorance, and which Bess thought dreadfully stupid for anything having such a funny name. It was funnier to watch Sue bowing, and curtseying, and repeating elegant phrases before the long mirror, Bess standing here, or sitting there, as circumstances, or the book, demanded.

But one tires of even funny things, and at the end of act fifth little Bess slipped quietly out: However, Sue could the more easily decide on her toilet, with no one to ask "why?" and "what for?"

First she laid out half a dozen bits of paste-board, her own secret handiwork:

MIS SUSY DELEVAN.

Cards, to be sure, but no card-case. She did not quite like to ask mamma for hers, but there was the old silver snuff-box that had been her great grandmother's. It would do very well, and went at once into her pocket. Three other things were lacking; a bird for her hat, a *chatelaine* for her fan and a veil. Cousin Kate had all of these, and Cousin Kate would be gone to the Society with mamma, to-morrow. Why couldn't she borrow them as well as the snuff-box? She need not *say* anything about it, because—well, Noll, or somebody, would be sure to laugh, and she did so want to be real stylish, once.

Never was there such a long forenoon, and certainly never such an uneasy little girl. She was perfectly happy, of course, only when mamma kissed her goodby, and said: "Wear your new gloves if you like, only be all ready when papa comes, and a very good little girl," she felt, oh such a sharp pain, 'way, *'way* inside, where none of papa's medicine could ever reach it. But even mamma must have wanted her to look stylish, or she would never have told her to wear her new kids. That was what Sue said to herself, as she went slowly up stairs to cousin Kate's room to "finish her toilet."

She fastened the big chatelaine around her waist, balanced the pretty chip hat on the top of her head, and tied the strip of black lace so tightly over her eye winkers that they were all doubled and twisted together.

But Aunt Pomeroy always looked uncomfortable, and it wasn't half as bad as that choking sort of pain.

Papa stared a little as he tossed the small lady into the buggy, but who would expect him to know one hat from another? And if he thought Sue unusually quiet, so much the better for the "consultation" over which his thoughts were busy.

"Are you going in?" asked Sue, as they neared Aunt Dolly's.

"I don't know—yes, for a minute; they may not want you to stay. So the old hitching-post is gone entirely! I shall have to take Charley over to the barn."

Wasn't that fortunate! It would give Sue just time to ring the bell, present her card and seat herself *a la Pomeroy*. She sailed grandly up the walk, tucking her veil a little tighter over her nose, stopped a second to open her snuff- no, card-case—when suddenly, around the corner of the house, came a big, black dog. Sue sprang for the latch, the door flew open, and in they went, Sue, snuff-box, dog and all.

"What—under—the—sun!" ejaculated Aunt Dolly, dropping her dish of beans.

"Mercy on me! what is it?" gasped Aunt Lucinda, reaching wildly after her knitting-work, cap, spectacles and "false fronts."

"Bless me! it's only little Sue!" said Aunt Deb, picking up the small bundle of dry goods from under the table, and kissing a crushed bit of chip and black lace, into which the little brown head was tightly wedged. "Be still, Bose! I'm ashamed of you. Well, well, doctor, this is unexpected, and you've took us all aback, coming in so sudden," which, considering the time the doctor had spent trying to fasten frolicsome Charley securely, seemed to him a slightly inconsistent greeting, as he walked up the path.

"Oh—my—snuff-box!" screamed Sue, disentangling one eye just as Bose dived under the sofa.

"Snuff-box!" exclaimed Aunt Deb, interrogatively. "Yours? Why—what—who——"

"It's me," sobbed Sue. "I mean—Aunt Pomeroy—and the book—says—you know—it's etty-ketty— to have cards—and it was silver—Aunt Pomeroy's—"

A roar of laughter from papa broke the sentence short off, and Sue, rushing out into the buggy, buried herself and her disgrace under the lap-robe. No coaxing, not even Aunt Debby's cream cakes, could bring her back.

"All forlorn," she sat curled up on the seat, during the long "consultation" and longer ride home, the battered snuff-box in one hand, a "crumpled" hat in the other. Very softly she stole into the house, only to meet Noll right in the hall, that identical "book" in his hand—Bess, left to her own resources, having innocently tried to amuse him with what "Sue liked best."

Papa, stepping in to speak to Noll, read the title, "Hints on Etiquette."

"Oh, you dear little Etty-ketty! Was that what you meant?" he exclaimed, with another roar of laughter, from which poor Sue could not escape because Noll had caught and held her fast.

"To be sure! Little Miss Etty-ketty! In borrowed plumes. Won't she catch it!" he said, looking her solemnly over, from head to foot.

"Let her go, Noll; don't bother her; she's been punished enough—poor little jack-daw!" said papa, kindly; "make it all right with mamma, when she comes, and remember Truth and Right have more happiness in their keeping than Style and Show."

Mamma forgave her, Cousin Kate "made over" her hat, and Noll hammered out the snuff-box, but they call her Etty-Ketty whenever she tries to be grown-up and stylish, instead of little Susy Delevan.—*Christian Union.*

Catching Humming-Birds.

AN interesting account of how humming-birds are caught appears in a recent number of *Nature:* "Let us follow little Dan, the oldest and sharpest of the humming-bird hunters, as he goes out for birds. First he goes to a tree called the mountain palm, which replaces the cocoa palm in the mountains, the latter growing only along the coast. Beneath the tree are some fallen leaves fifteen feet in length; these he seizes and strips, leaving the midrib bare, a long, slender stem tapering to a point. Upon this tip he places a lump of bird lime, to make which he had collected the inspissated juice of the bread fruit and chewed it to the consistency of soft wax. Scattered over the savanna are many clumps of flowering bushes, over whose crimson and snowy blossoms humming birds are dashing, inserting their beaks in the honeyed corollas, after active foray; resting upon some bare twig, pruning and preening their feathers. Cautiously creeping toward a bush upon which one of these little beauties is resting, the hunter extends the palm rib with its treacherous coating of gum. The bird eyes it curiously, but fearlessly, as it approaches his resting place, even pecking at it; but the next moment he is dangling helplessly, beating the air with buzzing wings in vain efforts to escape the clutches of that treacherous gum."

A LADY of rather a positive turn of mind once gave a tea party to some lady friends in her bedroom. "John," she said to her husband as she heard the company coming, "get under the bed!" John tried to resist, but finally succumbed. Every now and then he would make an effort to peep out as the ladies laughed and made merry, but he was mercilessly driven back by his angered wife. At length after a good joke had exploded among the party John put his head away out. "Get in there, will you?" whispered his wife as she nudged him. "No!" shrieked John; "as long as I have the spirit of man left in me I will take a peep!"

INTO one of our largest dry-goods stores entered a gentleman, the other day, and with the air of one who had been used to this sort of thing all his life, you know, he said to the astonished saleswoman, "Give me a yard of marroon-colored flannel to match a baby, please." Correcting himself hastily, he began again: "I beg pardon; I mean a yard of flannel to match a marroon colored baby—here (producing a bit of flannel from his vest pocket,) I want a yard of that."—*Boston Transcript.*

QUEEN VICTORIA still shows herself heartily interested in art and invention. In Scotland, the other day, she happened to drive past a field in which a new reaper and binder was being tried. She stopped her carriage immediately, making inquiries as to the working and construction of the machine, and expressing herself greatly pleased with the opportunity of knowing something about this implement.